

"Young Black Male" lyrics

2Pac Lyrics

"Young Black Male"

[2Pac (Ice Cube):]

Hard like an erection

(Young black male)

Hard like an erection

(Ain't shit to fool with)

Hard like an erection

(Young black male)

Hard like an erection

(Ain't shit to fool with)

Yes, niggas! Yes, niggas! Yes, niggas!

Go, nigga, go!

Hard like an erection

(Young black male)

Hard like an erection

(Ain't shit to fool with)

Hard like an erection

(Young black male)

Hard like an erection

(Ain't shit to fool with)

[2Pac:]

Young black male

I try to effect by kicking the facts

And stacking much mail

I'm packing a gat 'cause guys wanna jack

And fuck going to jail

'Cause I ain't a crook, despite how I look

I don't sell yayo

They judging a brother like covers on books

Follow me into a flow

I'm sure you know, which way to go

I'm hitting 'em out of the doors

So slip on the slope, let's skip on the flow

I'm fucking the sluts and hoes

The bigger the butts the tighter the clothes

The gimminy jimminy grows

Then whaddaya know, it's off with some clothes

Rowd when the crowd says ho

That let's me know, they know I can flow

Love when they come to my shows

I get up and go with skins before

When I'm collecting my dough

I never respect, the one that I back

The quicker the nigga can rap

The bigger the check

Now watch how they sweat

What kind of style is that?

The style of a mack, and ready to jack
I rendered up piles of black
The wacker the pack, the fatter the smack
I hate it when real niggas bust
They hate when I cuss, they threaten to bust
I had enough of the fuss
I bust what I bust and cuss when I must
They gave me a charge for sales
For selling the tales... of young black males

Yes, nigga, N-I-G-G-A, niggas
Ay, nigga, you can't handle that shit!
Pass that man!
Hit that shit, that's the shit!
It smells like skunk, skunk smells like that nigga, momma
We ain't nuttin' but some low down dirty niggas
Keep it real, nigga! Fuck you, nigga!
You ain't giving me near a dime on this real motherfucker
Fuck St. Ides, it's an Old E thing, baby
Strictly some of that Hennessy
Can I drink with you, fellas? Can I get it on it?
Fuck you, capo. You ain't in, baby
I tell you what! You guys are not gonna be talking
All that shit, when I come back, OK?
We gonna say who the big mouth, when I come back
Young black male!

Writer(s): Shakur Tupac Amaru, Clinton George, Brown Harold Ray I, Dickerson Morris Dewayne, Jordan Le Roy L, Scott Howard E,
Allen Thomas Sylvester, Levitin Lee Oskar, Miller Charles, Evans Deon

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"Trapped" lyrics

2Pac Lyrics

"Trapped"

You know they got me trapped in this prison of seclusion
Happiness, living on the streets is a delusion
Even a smooth criminal one day must get caught
Shot up or shot down with the bullet that he bought
Nine millimeter kickin' thinkin' about what the streets do to me
'Cause they never talk peace in the black community
All we know is violence, do the job in silence
Walk the city streets like a rat pack of tyrants
Too many brothers daily heading for the big pen
Niggas comin' out worse-off than when they went in
Over the years I done a lot of growin' up
Getting drunk, throwin' up
Cuffed up
Then I said I had enough
There must be another route, way out
To money and fame, I changed my name
And played a different game
Tired of being trapped in this vicious cycle
If one more cop harasses me I just might go psycho
And when I get 'em, I'll hit 'em with the bum rush
Only a lunatic would like to see his skull crushed
Yo, if you're smart you'll really let me go, G
But keep me cooped up in this ghetto and catch the Uzi
They got me trapped

Uh, uh, they can't keep the black man down
They got me trapped
Naw, they can't keep the black man down
Trapped
Uh, uh, they can't keep the black man down
Trapped
Naw, they can't keep the black man down

They got me trapped
Can barely walk the city streets
Without a cop harassing me, searching me
Then asking my identity
Hands up, throw me up against the wall
Didn't do a thing at all
I'm telling you one day these suckers gotta fall
Cuffed up throw me on the concrete
Coppers try to kill me
But they didn't know this was the wrong street
Bang, bang, count another casualty
But it's a cop who's shot for his brutality
Who do you blame? It's a shame because the man's slain
He got caught in the chains of his own game

How can I feel guilty after all the things they did to me?
Sweated me, hunted me
Trapped in my own community
One day I'm gonna bust
Blow up on this society
Why did ya lie to me?
I couldn't find a trace of equality
Work me like a slave while they laid back
Homie, don't play that
It's time I let 'em suffer the payback
I'm trying to avoid physical contact
I can't hold back, it's time to attack jack
They got me trapped

Uh, uh, they can't keep the black man down
They got me trapped
Naw, they can't keep the black man down
Trapped
Uh, uh, they can't keep the black man down
Trapped
Naw, they can't keep the black man down

Now I'm trapped and want to find my getaway
All I need is a 'G' and somewhere safe to stay
Can't use the phone
'Cause I'm sure someone is tapping in
Did it before
Ain't scared to use my gat again
I look back in hindsight the fight was irrelevant
But now he's the devil's friend
Too late to be tellin' him
He shot first and I'll be damned if I run away
Homie is done away, I should've put my gun away
I wasn't thinking, all I heard was the ridicule
Girlies was laughin', Tup saying, "Damn homies is dissing you."
I fired my weapon
Started steppin' in the hurricane
I got shot so I dropped
Feelin' a burst of pain
Got to my feet
Couldn't see nothin' but bloody blood
Now I'm a fugitive to be hunted like a murderer
Ran through an alley
Still lookin' for my getaway
Coppers said, "Freeze, or you'll be dead today."
Trapped in a corner
Dark and I couldn't see the light
Thoughts in my mind was the nine and a better life
What do I do? Live my life in a prison cell?
I'd rather die than be trapped in a living hell
They got me trapped

Uh, uh, they can't keep the black man down

They got me trapped
Naw, they can't keep the black man down
Trapped
Uh, uh, they can't keep the black man down
Trapped
Naw, they can't keep the black man down

Writer(s): Shakur Tupac Amaru, Gooden Ramon Russell

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"Soulja's Story" lyrics

2Pac Lyrics

"Soulja's Story"

[2Pac (2Pac as "Soulja"):]

All you wanted to be, a soulja, a soulja
All you wanted to be, a soulja, like me
All you wanted to be, a soulja, a soulja
All you wanted to be, a soulja, like me
All you wanted to be, a soulja, a soulja
All you wanted to be, a soulja, like me
All you wanted to be, a soulja, a soulja
All you wanted to be, a soulja, like me
(They cuttin' off welfare...)
(They think crime is rising now)
(You got whites killing blacks)
(Cops killing blacks, and blacks killing blacks)
(Shit just gon' get worse)
(They just gon' become souljas)
(Straight souljas)

All you wanted to be, a soulja, a soulja
All you wanted to be, a soulja, like me
All you wanted to be, a soulja, a soulja
All you wanted to be, a soulja, like me
All you wanted to be, a soulja, a soulja
All you wanted to be, a soulja, like me
All you wanted to be, a soulja, a soulja
All you wanted to be, a soulja, like me

[2Pac as "Soulja":]

Crack done took a part of my family tree
My momma's on the shit, my daddy split and mom is steady blaming me
Is it my fault just 'cause I'm a young black male?
Cops sweat me as if my destiny is makin' crack sales
Only fifteen and got problems
Cops on my tail, so I bail 'til I dodge 'em
They finally pull me over and I laugh
"Remember Rodney King?" and I blast on his punk ass
Now I got a murder case...
You speak of heaven punk? I never heard of the place
Wanted to come up fast, got a Uz' and a black mask
Ducking fuckin' Task, now who's the jackass?
Keep my shit cocked, 'cause the cops got a Glock too
What the fuck would you do? Drop them or let 'em drop you?
I chose droppin' the cop
I got me a Glock, and a Glock for the niggas on my block
Momma tried to stab me, I moved out
Sold a pound a weed, made G's, bought a new house
I'm only seventeen, I'm the new king
Got me a crew, bought 'em jewels, and a Uz'-thick

But all good things don't last
Task came fast, and busted my black ass
Coolin' in the pen, where the good's kept
Now my little brother wants to follow in my footsteps
A soulja

All you wanted to be, a soulja, a soulja
All you wanted to be, a soulja, like me
All you wanted to be, a soulja, a soulja
All you wanted to be, a soulja, like me
All you wanted to be, a soulja, a soulja
All you wanted to be, a soulja, like me
All you wanted to be, a soulja, a soulja
All you wanted to be, a soulja, like me

[2Pac as the younger brother:]

Buck, buck - niggas get fucked, don't step to this
Quiet as kept I'm blessed on a quest with a death wish
Tell 'em to come and test, and arrest, nigga it's hectic
Here's the anorexic, I'm makin' it to an exit
Walking through the streets on the black tip
Packed with several gats, 'cause I'm on some pay 'em back shit
Niggas don't wanna try me, brother, you'll get shot down
Now I'm king of the block, since my bigger brother's locked down
I'm hot now, so many punk police have got shot down
Other coppers see me on the block, and they jock now
That's what I call a kingpin
Send my brother what he needs and some weed up to Sing-Sing
Tellin' him just be ready set
Pack ya shit up quick; and when I hit, be prepared to jet
Niggas from the block on the boat now
Every single one got a gun, that'll smoke - pow!
These punks about to get hit by the best
I'm wearin' double vest... so aim at my fuckin' chest
I'll be makin' straight dome calls
Touch the button on the wall, you'll be pickin' up your own balls
I can still hear my mother shout
"Hit the pen nigga -- break your bigger brother out"
I got a message for the warden
I'm comin' for ya ass, as fast as Flash Gordon
We get surrounded in the mess hall, yes y'all
A crazy motherfucker making death calls
Just bring me my brother and we leavin'
For every minute you stall, one of y'all bleedin'
They brought my brother in a jiffy
I took a cop, just in case things got tricky
And just as we was walkin' out (BANG!)
I caught a bullet in the head, the screams never left my mouth
My brother caught a bullet too
I think he gon' pull through, he deserve to
The fast life ain't everything they told ya
Never get much older, following the tracks of a soulja

All you wanted to be, a soulja, a soulja
All you wanted to be, a soulja, like me
All you wanted to be, a soulja, a soulja
All you wanted to be, a soulja, like me
All you wanted to be, a soulja, a soulja
All you wanted to be, a soulja, like me
All you wanted to be, a soulja, a soulja
All you wanted to be, a soulja, like me
Straight soulja, 1993, and forward

Writer(s): Tupac Amaru Shakur, Lee Hayes Isaac, Deon Evans

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"I Don't Give A Fuck" lyrics

2Pac Lyrics

"I Don't Give A Fuck"

(feat. Pogo)

[Skit:]

"What's up?"

"Yo this scene, rollers tried to jack a nigga 'cause a nigga with a pearl rollin' on a Coupé with goldens."

"Yo man, what's up, this riding motherfucker

Jack me at rollin' 'round bumping

'Cause music's too loud, you know what I'm sayin'?"

"Yo this P-O to the G-O

Motherfucking cop just jacked me 'cause I was drinking beer in Mill Valley."

"What's up, man?"

"Aight, man, fuck 'em."

[2Pac:]

I don't give a fuck

They done pushed me to my limit, I'm all in

I might blow up any minute, did it again

And now I'm in the back of the paddy wagon

While this cop's bragging about the nigga he's jackin'

I see no justice, all I see is niggas dying fast

The sound of a gun blast, then watch the hearse pass

Just another day in the life, G

Gotta step lightly, 'cause cops tried to snipe me

The cabs, they don't wanna stop for a brother, man

But damn near have an accident to pick up another man

I went to the bank to cash my check

I get more respect from the mothafucking dope man

The Grammy's and American Music shows

They pimp us like hoes, take our dough, but they hate us though

You better keep your mind on the real shit

And fuck trying to get with these crooked-ass hypocrites

The way they see it, we was meant to be kept down

Just can't understand why we getting respect now

Mama told me there'd be days like this

But I'm pissed, 'cause it stays like this

And now they're trying to ship me off to Kuwait?

Give me a break. How much shit can a nigga take?

I ain't going nowhere no how

Bush wanna throw down?

Better bring the gun, pal

'Cause this is the day we make 'em pay

Fuck bailing hay, I better spray with an AK

And even if they shoot me down

There'll be another nigga bigger from the mothafuckin' underground

So step but you better step quick

'Cause the clock's going tick and I'm sick of the bullshit

You're watching the makings of a psychopath

But you sit and laugh before the wrath and aftermath

Who's that behind the trigger?
Who do you think? A mothafucking 90's nigga
Ready to buck and rip shit up, I had enough!
Yeah, and i just don't give a fuck

[Pogo:]

Nigga, it ain't just the blacks
It's also a gang of motherfuckers dressed in blue slacks
They say niggas hang in packs and they attitudes is shitty
So tell me, who's the biggest gang of niggas in the city?
They say we niggas like to do niggas
So me an' a cop are just two niggas
A street-walking nigga and a beat-walking nigga
With a badge, I end his future and his past
With a blast take his cash before I dash I bash his head in
Dump him at the dead end and that's just his luck
'Cause a nigga like P, don't really give a fuck

[2Pac:]

Walked in the store, what's everybody staring at?
They act like they never seen a motherfucker wearing black
Following a nigga and shit – ain't this a bitch?
All I wanted was some chips
I wanna take my business elsewhere – but where?
'Cause who in the hell cares
About a black man with a black need?
They wanna jack me like some kind of crack fiend
I wonder if he knows that my income
Is more than his pension, salary and then some
Your daughter is my number one fan
And your trife-ass wife wants a life with a black man
So who's the mack, in fact who's the black Jack?
Sit back and get fat off the fat cat
While he thinks that he's getting over
I bust a move as smooth as Casanova
And count another quick mill'
I'm getting paid for my trade but I'm still real
And if you look between the lines you'll find a rhyme
As strong as a fucking nine
Mail stacked up, niggas wanna act up
Let's put the gats up and throw your blacks up
But the cops getting dropped by the gun shot
Used to come but he's done, now we run the block
To my brothers — stay strong, keep your heads up
They know we fed up; but they just don't give a fuck

They just don't give a fuck

[2Pac:]

I gotta give my fuck offs
Fuck you to the San Francisco police department
Fuck you to the Marin County Sheriff's Department
Fuck you to the FBI

Fuck you to the CIA
Fuck you to the B-u-s-h
Fuck you to the Ameri-K-K-Ka
Fuck you to all you redneck prejudice motherfuckers
That wanna fuck with me, fuck y'all!
Punk gay sensitive little dick bastards
2Pacalypse motherfuckerin' now
Y'all can all kiss my ass and suck my dick
And my uncle Tommy's balls
Fuck y'all
Punks [**echoes**]

Thanks to zubarfly for correcting these lyrics.

Writer(s): Shakur Tupac Amaru, Teah Hari

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"Violent" lyrics

2Pac Lyrics

"Violent"

They claim that I'm violent
Just 'cause I refuse to be silent
These hypocrites are havin' fits
'Cause I'm not buyin' it, defyin' it
Envious because I will rebel against
Any oppressor - and this is known as self-defense
I show no mercy, they claim that I'm the lunatic
But when the shit gets thick, I'm the one you go and get
Don't look confused, the truth is so plain to see
'Cause I'm the nigga that you sell-outs are ashamed to be
In every Jeep and every car, brothers stomp this
I'm Never Ignorant, Getting Goals Accomplished
The underground railroad on an uprising
This time the truth's gettin' told, heard enough lies
I told 'em fight back, attack on society
If this is violence, then violent's what I gotta be
If you investigate you'll find out where it's comin' from
Look through our history, America's the violent one
Unlock my brain, break the chains of your misery
This time the payback for evil shit you did to me
They call me militant, racist 'cause I will resist
You wanna censor somethin', motherfucker censor this!
My words are weapons and I'm steppin' to the silent
Wakin' up the masses, but you, claim that I'm violent

"They claimin' that I'm violent."

"Fuck the damn cop!"

"Just because we play what the people want."

[3x]

The cops can't stand me, but they can't touch me
Call me a dope man, 'cause I rock dope beats
Jacked by the police, didn't have my ID
I said, "Excuse me, why you tryin' to rob me?"
He had the nerve to say that I had a curfew
("Do you know what time it is?
Get out the fucking car, or I'll hurt you!")
Get out the car - or I'll hurt you
So here I go, I better make my mind up
Pick my nine up or hit the line-up
I chose B, stepped into the streets
The first cop grabbed me, the other ripped my seat
They grabbed my homie and they threw him to the concrete
(Ay man... Ayyo... Ay man, just c'mon?)
("What you doing, man?")
They tried to frame me
They tried to say I had some dope in the back seat

But I'm a rap fiend, not a crack fiend
My homie panicked ("I'm out!") he tried to run
(Freeze, nigga!) I heard a bullet fire from the cop's gun
My homie dropped, so I hit the cop
I kept swingin', yo, I couldn't stop
Before I knew it, I was beatin' the cop senseless
The other cop dropped his gun, he was defenseless
(Argh, fuck you! Ungh!)

Now I'm against this cop who was racist
Givin' him a taste of trading places
And all this 'cause the peckerwood was tryin' this frame up,
But I came up
Now they claimin' that I'm violent

"They claimin' that I'm violent."
"Fuck the damn cop!"
"Just because we play what the people want."
[3x]

As I was beatin' on a cop, I heard a gun click (uh-oh)
Then the gun shot, but I wasn't hit
I turned around it was my homie with the gun in hand
He shot the cop (damn!). Now he's a dead man
I said, come on, it's time for us to get away
(Let's go, we gotta get the fuck outta here.)
They called for backup, and they'll be on their way
Jumped in the car and tried to get away quick
The car wouldn't start (damn!). We in deep shit
So we jumped out (C'mon, let's take the cop's car)
We drove a little ways thinkin' that we got far
But I looked up and all I saw was blue lights
(that's a lotta of one time)

If I die tonight, I'm dying in a gunfight
I grabbed the AK, my homie took the 12 gauge
(yeah, it's on now)

Load 'em up quick, it's time for us to spray
We'll shoot 'em up with they own fuckin' weapons
And when we through sprayin' then we steppin'
This is a lesson to the rednecks and crooked cops
You fuck with real niggas, get ya fuckin' ass dropped
So here we go, the police against us
Dark as dusk, waitin' for the guns to bust
(What's next, man?) What's next? I don't know and I don't care
One thing fo' sho', tommorrow I won't be here
But if I go, I'm takin' all these punks with me
(Pass me a clip) Pass me a clip, G, now come and get me
You wanna sweat me, never get me to be silent
Givin' them a reason to claim that I'm violent

"They claimin' that I'm violent."
"Fuck the damn cop!"
"Just because we play what the people want."
[3x]

Writer(s): Shakur Tupac Amaru, Huff Leon A, Gamble Kenneth, Brooks Ronald R, Elliot David R

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"Words Of Wisdom" lyrics

2Pac Lyrics

"Words Of Wisdom"

Killing us one by one
In one way or another
America will find a way to eliminate the problem
One by one
The problem is the troublesome black youth of the ghetto's
And one by one
We are being wiped off the face of this earth
At an extremely alarming rate
And even more alarming is the fact
That we are not fighting back
Brothers, sisters, niggas
When I say "nigga" it is not the nigga we have grown to fear
It is not the nigga we say as if it has no meaning
But to me it means Never Ignorant Getting Goals Accomplished, nigga
Niggas, what are we going to do?
Walk blind into a line or fight
Fight and die if we must die, like niggas

This is for the masses, the lower classes
The ones you left out, jobs were giving, better living
But we were kept out
Made to feel inferior, but we're superior
Break the chains in our brains that made us fear ya
Pledge allegiance to a flag that neglects us
Honour a man that refuses to respect us
Emancipation Proclamation? Please!
Lincoln just said that to save the nation
These are lies that we all accepted
Say no to drugs but the governments' kept it
Running through our community, killing the unity
The war on drugs is a war on you and me
And yet, they say this is the Home of The Free
But if you ask me, it's all about hypocrisy
The constitution, Yo, it don't apply to me
And Lady Liberty? Stupid bitch lied to me
This made me strong, and no one's gonna like what I'm pumpin'
But it's wrong to keep someone from learning something
So get up, it's time to start nation building
I'm fed up, we gotta start teach the children
That they can be all that they want to be
There's much more to life than just poverty

This is definitely uh... words of wisdom
AMERICA! AMERICA! AMERIK-K-KA
I charge you with the crime of rape, murder, and assault
For suppressing and punishing my people
I charge you with robbery for robbing me of my history

I charge you with false imprisonment for keeping me
Trapped in the projects
And the jury finds you guilty on all accounts
And you are to serve the consequences of your evil schemes
Prosecutor, do you have any more evidence?

Words of Wisdom
Based upon the strength of a nation
Conquer the enemy armed with education
Protect yourself, reach for what you want to do
Know thyself, teach by what we've been through
Armed with the knowledge of the place we've been
No one will ever oppress this race again
No Malcolm X in my history text, why's that?
'Cause he tried to educate and liberate all blacks
Why is Martin Luther King in my book each week?
He told blacks, if they get smacked, turn the other cheek
I don't get it, so many questions went through my mind
I get sweated, they act like asking questions is a crime
But forget it, cause one day I'm gonna prove them wrong
Not every brother had his mother on the welfare line
The American Dream, though it seems like it's attainable
They're pulling your sleeve, don't believe
'Cause it will strangle ya
Pulling the life of your brain, I can't explain
Beg as you can obtain from which you came
Swear that your mother is living in equality
Forgetting your brother that's living in poverty
Thought they had us beaten when they took out King
But the battle ain't over till the black man sings
Words of Wisdom
The battle ain't over 'till the black man sings
Words of Wisdom

NIGHTMARE! That's what I am
America's nightmare
I am what you made me
The hate and the evil that you gave me
I shine as a reminder of what you've done to my people
For Four hundred plus years
You should be scared
You should be running
You should be trying to silence me
Ha, but you cannot escape fate
For it is my turn to come
Just as you rose you will fall
By my hands
America, you reap what you sow
2Pacalypse, America's Nightmare
Ice Cube and Da Lynch Mob, America's Nightmare
Above The Law, America's Nightmare
Paris, America's Nightmare
Public Enemy, America's Nightmare

KRS-One, America's Nightmare
New Afrikan Panthers, America's nightmare
Mutulu Shakur, America's Nightmare
Geronimo Pratt, America's Nightmare
Assata Shakur, America's Nightmare

Thanks to Brad N, Sara, ercimpthomas for correcting these lyrics.

Writer(s): Shakur Tupac Amaru, Jacobs Gregory E, Hancock Herbie, Mason Harvey W, Jackson Paul M, Maupin Bennie

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2Pac Lyrics

"Something Wicked"

Something wicked, this way comes
 Some-Something wicked, this way comes
 Some-Something wicked, this way comes
 Some-Something wicked, this way comes
 Something wicked, this way comes
 Something wicked, this way comes
 (Wicked) (wicked)

'Emember

More than an adversary, I'm very quick
I'm ready to hit 'em with this gift, I'm equipped to kick
So, grab your coat and your hat, cause I'm prepared to clown
Let's carry this end that throw these motherfuckers down
Oh shit, 2Pacalypse is back and strapped
Attackin' the packs, I'm kickin' the facts for stacks to rap
And those that max, relax and let the blacks get jacks
I'm gettin' taxed, my packs is packed with angry blacks
I'm ready to go
I'm rippin' the shows, hittin' the dough
Gettin' the hoes, clothes
Pumpin' the flow, thanks to the hump
Cause the nose knows
Check the pose, froze, when you see me close
Punks you gonna roast, host in a cloud of smoke
Broke, choked on some potent dank smoke
Wrote, rhymes that'll bring me bank notes
Nope, I ain't the type of fella that you're used to
Ki-ki-ki-kickin' the funky flava
Pumpin' the deuce with no producers
Run for cover when you hear the bass drum
One verse is all it takes
Something wicked this way comes
Come come, come come

[illegible]

Something wicked, this way comes
Wicked something wicked, this way comes
Something wicked kick it, this way comes
Wicked kick it, this way comes
Something wicked wicked wicked wicked, this way comes
Something wicked wicked wicked wicked, this way comes
Something wicked wicked, this way comes
Wicked wicked, this way COME
*[*monster sound*]*

Writer(s): Shakur Tupac Amaru, Jackson Jeremy

2Pac Lyrics

"Crooked Ass Nigga"

(feat. Stretch (Live Squad))

(Suddenly I see some niggas that I don't like)

*[*machine gun fires*]*

(Got him)

[2Pac:]

A smoking-ass nigga robbed me blind
I got a TEC-9 now his smokin' ass is mine
I guess I felt sorry for the bastard, he was broke
I didn't know he smoked so I didn't watch him close
He caught me on the sneak tip, now the punk's in deep shit
Catch him on the streets, I'mma bring him to his feet, quick
Pass the clip, I think I see him comin' now
Fuck the bullshit, posse deep and let's run him down
Gots to be the first one to hit ya when we meet
Comin' quickly up the streets, is the punk ass police
The first one jumped out and said "Freeze!"
I popped him in his knees and shot him, punk, please
'Cause cops should mind they business, when we rush
Now you're pleadin' like a bitch, cause you don't know how to, hush
Now back to the smoker that robbed me
I tell you like Latifah, motherfucker give me body
One to the chest, another to his fuckin' dome
Now the shit can rest, yo tell him to leave me the fuck alone
Two very bloody bodies on the streets
A nosey ass cop and a nigga that robbed from me
Run from your backup punk, how you figure?
My finger's on the trigger for you crooked ass niggas

Crooked ass niggas

(Criminal behaviour-- criminal-- criminal behaviour)

(Suddenly I see--)

(Cri-cri-criminal)

[Stretch:]

Now listen to the mack of the crooked nigga trade
With the fine criminal mind, cold ribs like a blade
It's already quick stepping to the niggas with the props
and any motherfucker with the flim-flam drops to the knot
Ten o'clock, is a motherfuckin' gank move
Stretch is Uptown, clockin' weight the shit is real smooth
A nigga's trying to play me like he know me but he don't
Sittin' on ten kis, I'mma get him, think I won't?
My nigga 2Pac, got the fucking Glock cocked, and he's ready
When the kid, didn't even bring the weight bag, instead he
welcomed us, into his apartment
Oh, this even better, two to the head, he's dead a clean get a-WAY!
Niggas got PAID!
And yet another sleepin' ass nigga got slayed, word up
By a crooked motherfucker named Stretch

And the T-U-P-A-C, the police can't catch

The crooked ass niggas
(Criminal behaviour)
Yeah, you don't stop!
Crooked ass niggas
(Criminal-- criminal behaviour)
(Suddenly I see, some niggas that I don't like)

[2Pac:]

Now I could be a crooked nigga too
When I'm rollin' with my crew, watch what crooked niggas, do!
I got a nine millimeter Glock pistol
I'm ready to get witcha at the drop, of a whistle
So make your move, and act like you wanna flip
I fire thirteen shots, and pop another clip
I bring luck, my Glock's like a fuckin' mop
The more I shot, the more motherfuckers dropped
And even cops got shot when they rolled up
Best to bring a knot, or get popped, I'm a soldier
I ain't the type to fetch ya, ask Stretch, he's my witness
Smoke til I'm blitzed, fuck a motherfuckin' piss test
I'm trigger happy, try to 'tack me and I'll drop you quick
Long as I got a clip I got some shit to hit 'em with
The nigga killer I get iller when the shit gets thick
My brain flips, I start thinkin' like a lunatic
I rip shit, came equipped with a bigger crew
I thought these niggas knew, I'm a crooked nigga too

(Criminal behaviour-- criminal-- criminal behaviour)
Crooked ass niggas come in all shapes and sizes
They wear disguises, backstabbing's what they specialize in
They'll try to get 'cha, they'll sweat 'cha to get in the picture
And then they hit 'cha, son of a bitch! Now he's richer
(Criminal behaviour-- crimi-criminal behaviour)

Crooked ass nigga
(Suddenly I see, some niggas that I don't like)
(Criminal behaviour-- criminal-- criminal
Crimi-crim-criminal behaviour (haviour)-- criminal behaviour
Criminal behaviour)

(Suddenly I see, some niggas that I don't like)
(Suddenly I see, some niggas that I don't like)
(Suddenly I see, some niggas that I don't like)
(Criminal behaviour- criminal be- criminal crim--
Crim-criminal behaviour)

Criminal be- crim-crim-crim-crim-crim--
Criminal behaviour-- criminal behaviour)
(Suddenly I see, some niggas that I don't like)

*[*machine gun fires*]*

(Got him)

(Suddenly I see, some niggas that I don't like)

*[*machine gun fires*]*

(Got him)

(Suddenly I see, some niggas that I don't like)

*[*machine gun fires*]*

(Got him)

Writer(s): Leroy Bonner, Lorenzo Patterson, Eric Wright, Andre Young, Clarence Satchell, Tupac Amaru Shakur, Marvin Pierce,
William Devaughn, Waung Hankerson, Randy Walker, Steven Arrington, Charles Carter, Roge

2Pac Lyrics

"If My Homie Calls"

Ever since you was a pee-wee, down by my knee with a wee-wee
We been coochie-coo all through school, you and me, G
Back in the days we played practical jokes on
Everybody smoked with they locs and they yokes on
All through high school, girls by the dozens
Saying we cousins, knowing that we wasn't
But like the old saying goes
Times goes on, and everybody grows
Grew apart, had to part, went our own ways
You chose the dope game, my microphone pays
In many ways we were paid in the old days
So far away from the crazies with AK's
And though I been around clowning with the Underground
I'm still down with my homies from the hometown
And if you need, need anything at all
I drop it all for y'all, if my homies call

"If you ever need a place to stay"

"Well, alright, y'all"

"Brothers and sisters"

It's a shame, you chose the dope game
Now you slang 'caine on the streets with no name
It was plain that your aim was mo' 'caine
You got game now you run with no shame
I chose rapping tracks to make stacks
In fact I travel the map with raps that spray cats
But now I don't wanna down my homie
No matter how low you go, you're not lowly
And I, hear that you made a few enemies
But when you need a friend you can depend on me, call
If you need my assistance, there'll be no resistance
I'll be there in an instant
Who am I to judge another brother, only on his cover
I'd be no different than the other
H-to-the-O-to-the-M-to-the-I-to-the-E
I'm down to the E-N-D
'Cause it's a fall in no time at all
I'm down for y'all, when my homies call
Word, if my homies call

"If you ever need a place to stay"

"Well, alright, y'all"

"Brothers and sisters"

Well, it's ninety-one and I'm living kinda swell now
But I hear that you're going through some hell, pal
But life making records ain't easy
It ain't what I expected, it's hectic, it's sleazy
But I guess that the streets is harder

Trying to survive in the life of a young godfather
My homies is making it elsewhere
Striving, working nine to five with no health care
We both had dreams of being great
But his deferred and blurred and changed in shape
It's fate, it wasn't my choice to make
To be great, I'm giving it all it takes
Trying to shake, the crates and fakes and snakes
I gotta take my place or fall from grace
The foolish way, the pace is quick and great
Smiling face to hide the trace of hate
But my homie would never do me wrong
That's why I wrote this song, if you ever need me, it's on
No matter who the foe they must fall
Us against them all I'm down to brawl if my homies call

"If you ever need a place to stay"

"Well, alright, y'all"

"Brothers and sisters"

Thanks to Kurtis Hanson, Mark for correcting these lyrics.

Writer(s): Deon Evans, Herbert Hancock, Tupac Amaru Shakur, Arlester Christian

"Brenda's Got A Baby" lyrics

2Pac Lyrics

"Brenda's Got A Baby"

(feat. Dave Hollister)

[Dave Hollister:]

Brenda's got a baby

[2Pac:]

I hear Brenda's got a baby
But Brenda's barely got a brain
A damn shame, the girl can hardly spell her name
That's not our problem, that's up to Brenda's family
Well let me show you how it affects our whole community
Now Brenda really never knew her moms
And her dad was a junkie putting death into his arms
It's sad, cause I bet Brenda doesn't even know
Just cause you're in the ghetto doesn't mean you can't grow
But oh, that's a thought, my own revelation
Do whatever it takes to resist the temptation
Brenda got herself a boyfriend
Her boyfriend was her cousin, now let's watch the joy end
She tried to hide her pregnancy, from her family
Who really didn't care to see, or give a damn if she
Went out and had a church of kids
As long as when the check came they got first dibs
Now Brenda's belly's getting bigger
But no one seems to notice any change in her figure
She's twelve years old and she's having a baby
In love with a molester, who's sexing her crazy
And yet and she thinks that he'll be with her forever
And dreams of a world where the two of them are together, whatever
He left her and she had the baby solo
She had it on the bathroom floor and didn't know so
She didn't know, what to throw away and what to keep
She wrapped the baby up and threw him in a trash heap
I guess she thought she'd get away, wouldn't hear the cries
She didn't realize how much the little baby had her eyes
Now the baby's in the trash heap bawling
Momma can't help her, but it hurts to hear her calling
Brenda wants to run away
Momma say, you making me lose pay
There's social workers here every day
Now Brenda's gotta make her own way
Can't go to her family, they won't let her stay
No money no babysitter, she couldn't keep a job
She tried to sell crack but end up getting robbed
So now what's next, there ain't nothing left to sell
So she sees sex as a way of leaving hell
It's paying the rent, so she really can't complain
Prostitute, found slain and Brenda's her name, she's got a baby

Thanks to antoniosgurl4lyfe, destynysdarlings, jack kendall for correcting these lyrics.

Writer(s): Shakur Tupac Amaru, Evans Deon

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2Pac Lyrics

"Tha Lunatic"

(feat. Stretch)

[2Pac:]

Oh shit, jumped on my man's dick
Heard he had a twelve inch, now the bitch is lovesick
Who's to blame, the guy or the groupie
Heard I was down with D.U., now she wants to do me
Oooh-wee! This is the life
New bitch every night, never tripped off a wife
It ain't right, but it's cool how they come quick
Don't try to flip with the lip cause I run shit
Hip hip, hooray for the AK
Spray when I lay competition, what a great day
Make pay, next is the wet sex
Hexed with the vex now they wreck with the complex
I'm set, wonder what I tote, check
Bloody as a Kotex, snappin' motherfuckers' necks
Revenge so sweet when it comes from
Niggas get done with the drum, watch my foes run
Nigga keeps coming when they can't slip
Full of that shit, another hit from Tha' Lunatic

[Stretch:]

Yeah, fuck that God! Word up
Blowin' niggas out the motherfuckin' frame, you know what I'm sayin'?
Constantly, fuck that trick, we ain't havin' it

[2Pac:]

Leave me the fuck alone, you get none of this
It's suicidal, you lose your title like Doug-las
Cause I'm nothin' nice and, I'm icin' like Tyson
I'm grippin' the mic and my DJ is slicin'
I'm tired of motherfuckers steppin' to me with the same old
Tryin' to do me like Nintendo
How the fuck you think I ever got this far?
By bootin' motherfuckers like a shootin' star
Cause I'm out to show that I'm a dope MC
Think crack had you fiendin', wait'll they get a load of me
Bitches on my dick like a motherfuckin' condom
Niggas wanna flip, let 'em step, and I'll bomb 'em
See somethin' you want, why don't you come and get it
And then get waxed and taxed, like the government
Then I leave you sittin' there, wonder where your money went
While your bitch is callin' me, tellin' me to come again
Nigga I'm loc'ed, when I smoke, from the indo
But we can be friends though, after you get broke like a window
That's what you provoked, and now you're smoked out
Lookin' like a bitch, cause your whole fuckin' posse, broke out
Punk motherfucker couldn't roll on
He couldn't hold on, game is too strong, nigga
Leave me the fuck alone, you get none of this

Feel the wrath, and revenge of tha' lunatic

[Stretch:]

Yeah Tu', tell 'em motherfuckers, word up
We ain't havin' it, none of that shit!
Bitch ass niggas, niggas can't fuck with us Tu', word up
'91, we takin' this whole motherfucker over
Niggas got problems in '91, '92, and '93
And all that other shit, word up

[2Pac:]

Recognize game when it smacks you, bitch I'm back to rip
Puttin' this on the map with this mackin' shit
Time will tell if it's made well
Well I raise hell and excel cause it pays well
Jordan couldn't dunk it any harder, pump it any farther
I'm funky, that's word to the father
Act like you know 'fore I thump the bolo
Thought you was a pimp, now you're simpin' for my solo
Oh no, not another new jack, swearin' that he's ruthless
Ducked and now he's fucked and left toothless
I can hear the fear in your flow, you ain't prepared
You're scared and you're bound to go
It's somethin', I guess I let the beat keep bumpin'
Stop trippin' off these niggas cause they ain't about nuttin'
Or should I say naythin'
Punk put my tape in, fuck all the fake-in
I'm sick of the bullshit
Come equipped and get ready to rip
or get the dick of Tha' Lunatic

[Stretch:]

Ah yeah, fuck that, you know what I'm sayin'?
(The motherfuckin' lunatic)
Yes Tu!
Tell them niggas what time it is, 'kna'm sayin'?
(punk motherfuckers, get the dick of the lunatic)
Niggas can't fuck with us, word up
Bitch ass niggas, fuck 'em

[2Pac:]

Fuck all them niggas
I'm tellin' these niggas that they ain't got
Naythin' on a nigga like me
We squashin' these punk motherfuckers in '91
'92, '93, and so on
So let the beat FLOAT on
While I spray these PUNK BITCHES
with these dope ass lyrics
Thanks to Poppa for supplyin' the dank
Now it's money in the BANK
And all y'all niggas shit stank
Compared to this shit
Fuck y'all punk bitches!
Tha' Lunatic *echoes*

Writer(s): George Clinton, Ronald Banks, Gregory Jacobs, Tupac Shakur, Edward Green

"Rebel Of The Underground" lyrics

2Pac Lyrics

"Rebel Of The Underground"

(from "Resurrection" soundtrack)

Rebel... rebel

Rebel

Rebel... rebel

They just can't stand the reign, or the occasional pain
From a man like me, who goes against the grain
Sometimes I do it in vain
So with a little bass and treble
Hey mister, it's time for me to explain that I'm the rebel
Cold as the devil
Straight from the underground, the rebel, a lower level
They came to see the maniac psychopath
The critics heard of me, and the aftermath
I don't give a damn and it shows
And when I do a stage show I wear street clothes
So they all know me
The lyrical lunatic, the maniac MC
I give a shout out to your homies
And maybe then, the critics'll leave your boy alone, G
On the streets or on TV
It just don't pay to be, a truth tellin' MC
They won't be happy 'til I'm banned
The most dangerous weapon: an educated black man
So point blank in your face
Pump up the bass, and join the human race
I throw peace to the Bay
Cause from The Jungle to Oaktown, they backin' me up all the way
You know you gotta love the sound
It's from the rebel - the rebel of the underground

Rebel, he's a rebel

Rebel of the underground

[4x]

Now I'm face to face with the devils
Cause they breedin' more rebels than the whole damn ghetto
And police brutality
Shit, it put you in the nip and call it technicality
So you reap what you sow
So reap the wrath of the rebel, jackin' 'em up once mo'
Now the fox is in the henhouse
Creepin' up on your daughter while you sleep I got her sneakin' out
2Pac ain't nothin' nice, I'll be nothin' how I wanna
And doin' what I'm gonna
Now I'm up to no good
The mastermind of mischief movin' more than most could

So sit and slip into the sound
Peep the rebel - the rebel of the underground

Rebel, he's a rebel
Rebel of the underground
[4x]

They say they hate me, they wanna hold me down
I guess they scared of the rebel - the rebel of the underground
But I never let it get me
I just make another record 'bout the punks tryin' to sweat me
In fact, they tryin' to keep me out
Try to censor what I say
Cause they don't like what I'm talkin' 'bout
So what's wrong with the media today
Got brothers sellin' out cause they greedy to get paid
But me, I'm comin' from the soul
And if it don't go gold, my story still gettin' told
And that way they can't stop me
And if it sells a couple of copies, the punks'll try to copy
It's sloppy, don't even try to
I'm a slave to the rhythm, and I'm about to fly through
So, yo, to the people in the ghetto
When ya hear the bass flow, go ahead and let go
Now everybody wanna gangbang
They talkin' street slang, but the punks still can't hang
They makin' records 'bout violence
But when it comes to the real, some brothers go silent
It kinda make you wanna think about
That ya gotta do some sellin' out, just to get your record out
But 2Pacalypse is straight down
So feel the wrath of the rebel - the rebel of the underground

2Pac is a rebel
Rebel of the underground
[8x]

Writer(s): Shakur Tupac Amaru, Jacobs Gregory E

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"Part Time Mutha" lyrics

2Pac Lyrics

"Part Time Mutha"

(feat. Angelique)

[scratched w/ minor variations — 2Pac & Poppi:]

She's a part time mutha

[2Pac:]

Meet Cindi

She's twenty-two, lives right on the dope track

Used to be fat now weighs less than a Tic Tac

Now what's that say about this big epidemic

This hypocritical world and the people in it

Now speakin' of, in it Cindi loved to get buckwild

Fuck with a smile single file she'll bust enough styles

That would be cool, if she was your lover

But fuck that, Cindi was my dope fiend mother

Welfare checks never stepped through the front door

Cause moms would run to the dopeman once more

All those days, had me fiendin' for a hot meal

Now I'm a crook; got steel, I do not feel

So don't even trip, when I flip with my thirty-eight

Revenge is a bitch and my hit shake the murder rate

Word to the mother, I'm touched

When moms come by, niggas hush or get rushed

Maybe one day she'll recover

But what will it take, to shake, or break

My part time mutha

I gotta live with a part time

[scratched w/ minor variations — 2Pac & Poppi:]

She's a part time mutha

[Angelique:]

I grew up in a home where no-one liked me

Moms would hit the pipe, every night, she would fight me

Poppa was a nasty old man, like the rest

He's feelin' on my chest, with his hand in my dress

Just another pest and yes I was nervous

Was this a test? I just don't deserve this

I wanna tell mom, but would she listen

She's bound to be bitchin' if she hasn't got a fix in, so

Now I lay me down to sleep, Lord don't let him rape me

If he does my soul to keep, don't let the devil take me

Can't concentrate I contemplate in my classroom

Thinkin' how my step dad raped me in the bathroom

Every day I make class and yet I'm missin' periods

The thought of pregnancy is in my head and now I'm fearin' it

I gotta tell mom before she sees me

I told her how he treated me and she didn't believe me
Callin' me a slut cause my butt's kinda big so
Still that ain't no way to be talkin' to your kids though
I can't believe the way he caught her
Got her believin' him and dissin' her own daughter
Time for me to break and find another
That's when I discovered
The ways of the days of a part time mutha

[2Pac:]

I gotta live with a part time

[scratched w/ minor variations — 2Pac & Poppi:]

She's a part time mutha

[2Pac:]

I rush to tend her, talked as I touch her
She blushed, the clothes came off and I bust her
I'm up now, ready to get drunk on the block
Here, take a cab, thanks a lot for the cock
She's gone and I'm thinkin' that my game's so strong
Pat myself on the back and move on
Is this just how it is hell no
Cause she came back with the kid and yo
I been payin' ever since
The clothes the food the cars and, oh, the rent
All of my time gets spent at the workplace
No time to kiss her got me this in the first place
So, I do the dishes and clean the floor
When I sleep I can't dream no more
Oh no, now I'm a part time mutha
And I change the diapers and clean the shit
The tables are turned I can't take this
Oh no, now I'm a part time mutha

[scratched w/ minor variations — 2Pac & Poppi:]

She's a part time mutha

Writer(s): Tupac Amaru Shakur, Stevie Wonder, Deon Evans

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